Mind-Body Problem

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Mind-Body Problem

by sourweather

Summary

Adam Raki is lonely, and horny, and it's always been Adam's understanding that when someone is lonely and horny, there's really only one place to go.
The Internet.
So Adam goes online, looking for an anonymous stranger to get him off via text.

Notes

if you listen to mind body problem by dorian electra then you will be blessed with thoughts of Spacedogs phone sex. amen

[i wanna see u]

Adam stares at his laptop screen, eyes wide with a mix of shock and anxiety. His fingers shake a little against the keyboard as he types out his reply, already terrified for a dozen different reasons.

Adam: [I don't know. I'm not very good at taking pictures of myself. Do I have to?]

He squirms a bit, perched cross-legged on his bedspread. He's already far out of his depth, tonight. It had seemed like a good enough idea at the time, though his thoughts were admittedly impaired by all the blood being redirected to his nightly erection.

How long had it been, after all, since he'd had a sexual interaction with another person? *Any* kind of sexual interaction? It's been over a year since things ended with Beth, and even then, they'd only been physically intimate a handful of times.

Adam's never been interested in loose sex, really. The casualty that by all logic *should* make him less stressed only sets him further on edge. And trying to date again sounds like torture.

None of that changes the fact that Adam's been aching for someone in his bed, lately. He's lonely, and horny, and it's always been Adam's understanding that when someone is lonely and horny, there's really only one place to go.

The Internet.

[come on]
[how am i supposed to imagine cumming all over ur face if i dont know what it looks like ;)]

Adam chews his lip. He's never tried sexting before. He sort of anticipated that he would be bad at it, hopelessly inelegant with his words and unattractively practical in his responses. Still, it feels strange to exaggerate. Is he supposed to write like it's a porno script, to— what, type out his moans? How on earth could anyone find a string of letters sexy? But it seemed like the safest place to start, so he'd found the least sketchy anonymous chat website he could, and decided to give it a try.

It could be worse, so far. His match is enthusiastic, if overly forward. Adam is definitely aroused, at the very least, though he suspects that might be more from the novelty of the experience than anything his match is actually saying. He's not confident that he'll be able to come from this, though. He's too tense, too worried about how he's being perceived to even begin to enjoy it. In short, it's not so dissimilar from how he usually feels during sex, even with no one else in the room.

Three dots at the bottom of their chat window signal that Adam's match is typing again, even though Adam still hasn't replied. Adam braces himself, shoulders hunched high with his nerves. He's having second thoughts about this, all of this. Maybe he should just log off.

Nothing bad would happen if he did. He could just close this tab, open his favorite porn site, and move on with his evening.

A phone number appears. Adam's heart pounds, though whether it's born from excitement or fear, he really can't say.

[pls? Haha]

Adam's nose wrinkles.

Adam: [Well, what should I take a picture of? Do you want me to take my clothes off?]

[yea. show me ur body sexy ;)]

He thinks it over for a long moment, fingertips drumming restlessly on the frame of his laptop. Maybe it's not such a big deal, really. This is what he'd wanted, after all. Isn't it? Being seen naked is a part of sex, generally, and it's not like Adam is particularly self conscious about his body. What could go wrong?

Adam: [Okay.]

Before he can overthink it, Adam sets his laptop aside. He pulls his T-shirt over his head, runs his fingers through his curls. His sleep pants fall into a heap on the floor. He decides to leave his underwear on, at least for the first picture. It's not a decision he makes lightly— he spends at least a full minute debating it in his head. Would his match be disappointed, if Adam wasn't fully naked? What if he thinks Adam is a prude?

Adam shakes off whatever anxiety he can make fall away, reclining against his headboard. He bends his knees, parts them in a way he hopes is inviting enough to make up for his own shortcomings. He holds his cell phone at a high angle above his head, his blushing face in the foreground and the slope of his body arching into view. Adam palms at his cock a little, coaxing a bulge to form in his dark blue briefs. He isn't sure what to do with his face— if he should smile, or stick out his tongue, both options seem horribly cheesy— so he simply looks up at the camera through his lashes and prays that it doesn't appear too awkward.

To his surprise, the act of taking the photo is actually pretty thrilling, the act of sending it even more so. He types in his match's phone number, hands trembling all the while. By the time he's pressing 'send', Adam is hard and eager.

Adam: [I hope this is okay. I've never taken a picture like this for someone before. What do you think?]

It takes a minute or two for his phone to buzz, Adam stewing in hot anticipation all the while. He touches himself through his underwear as he waits, misgivings about this new endeavor completely abandoned.

He almost drops his phone when the notification comes through, fumbling in his impatience to continue. He opens the text, chewing on his lip as he does.

?: [Well, good evening, gorgeous.]

Adam's still staring at the text when he notices movement in his periphery. A new message, in the anonymous chat window.

[r u sending it]

Adam frowns, looking first at the laptop and then at his phone. For a moment, he doesn't understand. Then he looks closer at the phone number he'd just texted, and his heart drops.

He'd made a mistake. A big, big mistake. He'd been too nervous, punched in a nine when he'd meant to enter a six, and now—

[?]

Now he's sent a lewd picture of himself to a completely random stranger.

Adam buries his face in his hands, his skin turning uncomfortably hot. He's crimson from his ears to his stomach, he knows it. He's never, *ever* been so embarrassed.

His phone buzzes again where it's been abandoned at his side, and Adam groans into his palms. Why do these things always happen to him? Why can't he just have a little bit of fun without something blowing up in his face?

Another buzz. He's struck by a powerful urge to roll over and hide under his covers. Possibly forever. He picks up the device, forcing himself to glance at the texts like he's a child peeking at a horror movie from between his fingers.

?: [To answer your question, darling, it's more than okay. Never would've guessed you were nervous if it wasn't for that pretty blush on your face. You're a natural.]

?: [And as for what I think: I think you're fucking stunning, baby. Don't know where you came from, but you're a sight for some very sore eyes.]

Something inside of Adam lurches. Something hot and nervy. His heart skips, a knot forms in the pit of his stomach. He stares, wide-eyed, reading the messages again and again.

A not-insignificant portion of him is relieved. He could have accidentally sent that photo to anyone— an old woman, or a government official, or an unsuspecting college student. He's lucky that his recipient isn't traumatized. Quite the opposite in fact, by the sound of things.

His cock had gone soft in the wake of his humiliation, but now it twitches in renewed interest as Adam reads and rereads the praise he's been lavished with by this dirty-mouthed stranger.

He swallows, but his mouth has turned dry. He reads his reply three times over before sending it, anxiously overthinking its wording, how it might be received.

Adam: [I'm sorry, I didn't mean to send this to your number. Thank you for not being angry, and for the compliments. I'm flattered.]

It takes less time for the stranger to respond, this time. Barely long enough for Adam to consider that he should reply to his online match, before he thinks he's being ignored.

?: [I figured that might be the case. Call it a happy accident, hm? Glad I could make you feel good, angel.]

Adam smiles, thumbs hovering over his keyboard listlessly. There's nothing else to say, really, and he knows it. Still, he can't make himself set the phone down.

His breath catches when the device comes to life in his hands, a burst of heat flickers in his core as his eyes flit over thin black text.

?: [I could keep making you feel good, if you want me to.]

It makes his heart flutter, fuels the growing ache inside. He's typing before he can think, this time, sending it without hesitation.

Adam: [How would you do that?]

He makes himself comfortable, settling against his pillows as his thighs fall open. His fingers graze over the shape of his cock, his eyes glued to his phone screen. He licks his lips, slowly.

?: [Well, I can't help but notice the tent you've got between those pretty thighs of yours. Maybe I could give you some entertainment while you take care of that?]

Adam's lips curl into a mischievous grin, his fingers ducking beneath his waistband.

Adam: [You want me to touch myself? Are you going to do it, too?]

He's a little surprised with himself, tonight. Surprised by how bold he's being, surprised by how much he likes it.

?: [Angel, ever since you sent me that picture, touching myself is all I've been able to fucking think about.]

Adam shimmies his way out of his underwear, wraps a hand around his cock. His eyes flutter at the first tentative stroke. He hasn't been this horny in months.

Adam: [Are you aroused right now?]

It's blunt, maybe, but he wants to hear it. The idea that this stranger is so excited by him is going straight to his cock, precome already slicking his movements.

?: [Fuck yes. So fucking hard for you, baby. You wanna see?]

Adam moans softly, hips rocking into his hand automatically.

Adam: [Yes, please.]

?: [So polite. You're fucking adorable, you know that?]

And Adam thrills at that, because he's never been called 'adorable' in a way that didn't sound condescending before. It feels genuine, like this. As genuine as words on a screen can feel.

Working on impulse and very little else, Adam scrambles for his bedside drawer. He pulls out a bottle of his favorite lube, half-empty from frequent use, and a clear fleshlight. He's partial to this one, likes how it's open ended so that the head of his cock pushes through the other side. It's simple, just how Adam wants things.

He slathers his cock with lube. Too much, really, but he feels indulgent tonight. It leaves his cock shiny in the dim light, great drips of lubricant rolling down the length. Absently, at first, he wonders if his stranger would like the look of it. He's not expecting his cock to throb at the thought.

His toes curl as he slides the fleshlight down his cock, its textured surface gliding perfectly over every inch. His phone vibrates, and Adam groans.

?: [Forgive the shitty lighting, doll. You caught me while I'm on the clock, can't do much about these god damned flourescents.]

Adam's grip on the fleshlight tightens, his wrist flicking to stroke himself faster. The stranger's cock is thick, uncut. The flushed head drools precome, and Adam's never given someone a blowjob before but he wants badly to find out how it would feel against his tongue.

The hand holding the cock is unfairly attractive, too. Adam's never really found a hand sexy before this moment, but it's just so broad, so strong-looking. He can't help but imagine how it would feel wrapped around his throat, grabbing his ass, those long fingers inside of him—

"O-Oh, God…"

Adam: [I want you to fuck me]

He's shocked that he can even form the words, his motor skills are quickly slipping under the onslaught of pleasure.

Adam: [You're so big]
Adam: [I'm imagining you inside me. On top of me. It would feel so good.]

It would. He knows it would. Adam pictures himself face-down in bed, his cheek pressed hard against the mattress. He imagines himself on his knees, spine arched almost painfully while the hulking presence at his back has his way with him. And his powerful hands are grabbing his hips hard enough to leave prints, and he's groaning all of these filthy praises as he fucks deep into Adam's hole, and-

Adam's cock is leaking all over his sheets, both in the fantasy and in real life. He writhes in bed, moaning softly in the quiet of his bedroom. When his phone goes off again, something hot starts pooling in his stomach.

?: [Yeah, baby. Fuck, you take cock like a fucking whore, don't you? Love getting pounded in that cute little ass? Wanna make you scream, angel. I know you're so fucking tight.]

His stomach sinks in. Adam digs his feet into the bed, bucks his hips into the toy. How does this man make being called a whore feel like a compliment? It's enough to turn his brain foggy, the muscles of his forearm start to burn with his frantic movements but Adam would sooner die than stop.

Adam: [I'm close]

?: [Show me.]

The second photo is taken much more quickly than the first. Adam is too swept up in this, too desperate to worry about how he'll be perceived. He pulls the fleshlight off of his cock, whining softly at the loss of sensation. A glistening string connects the toy's opening to the head of his cock, lube or precome or a mixture of the two. His cock is flushed red, so hard that it aches. Trembling a little, his swollen lip caught between his teeth, Adam snaps a photo and sends it to his stranger.

Adam: [Do you want me to come?]

He squirms a little as he sends the message. He's not sure what he'll do if the other man tries to make him wait. Adam brings the fleshlight back to his cock, working himself over with a quick, thorough rhythm. He forces himself to slow when his orgasm approaches, eyes shut tight and his brows furrowed as he drags out every second. He doesn't let the pressure dissipate, though. Just keeps himself teetering on the edge, his chest heaving and the muscles in his thighs almost painfully tense. His breaths come in hitching little gasps, every movement makes his hips lift from the mattress.

?: [Fucking hell baby]
?: [You're so fuckin sexy]
?: [Cum for me angel]

And Adam is imagining those exact words being growled into his ear when he comes, his lips parted around a deep, lingering moan. He strokes himself through it, riding out his orgasm as his body twitches and his lashes flutter. His mouth turns dry as he pants for air. There's a slight ringing in his ears. His release stains his stomach, lands on his hand, pools inside the fleshlight. He's a mess by the end of it, sticky with sweat, lube, semen.

He falls limp with a swallow that clicks in his throat, staring wide-eyed at his bedroom ceiling while his heart pounds away in his chest. Dazed, he scans his room for a stray towel. He'll have to take a shower, now, anyway. A bath, he thinks, though the rush of chemicals swirling through his brain demands that he lies still a little longer.

Adam grabs a tissue from the box on his nightstand, lazily wipes the cum from his hand, reaches for his cell phone.

Adam: [Wow]

He hits send through the fog in his head, then belatedly realizes that he should probably say more.

Adam: [I can't remember the last time I had an orgasm that intense.]

It takes a minute or two for the stranger to reply, but when he does, Adam smiles sleepily.

?: [Neither can I.]

Adam blinks, remembering himself all at once.

Adam: [I made you come?]

?: [Shit yeah you did]
?: [Didn't stand a fucking chance when I saw that perfect cock of yours.]

He blushes. Now that he's here, lying in the afterglow, the embarrassment threatens to creep in. Had he really done that? With a total stranger?

Still, it's difficult for the shame to find any footing when Adam feels this good.

?: [Fuck. I wasn't kidding when I said I was at work, you know. Now I've gotta ride out the night with fucking jizz stains on my clothes.]
?: [Not that I fucking regret it of course]

Adam: [I'm sorry.]

?: [What? No, baby, don't be fuckin sorry. I needed this tonight.]

Adam smiles to himself, setting his phone aside with a sigh. He stands from the bed, swaying a little on his feet as he goes, and moves to run himself a bath.

As he waits for the tub to fill, his bathroom quickly growing foggy with steam, he sees that he's received another text.

?: [If anything, I should probably be the one apologizing. Hope I didn't land you in any hot water with whoever that pic was actually for.]

It makes him freeze. His match. He'd never responded to his message, had he? For a moment, he considers opening his laptop and apologizing for leaving him waiting. Then he looks back to the device in his hands.

Adam: [It's fine. Don't worry about it. He wasn't that important.]

Adam steps into the bath, sighing with bliss as the hot water envelopes him. He hasn't felt so satisfied in months, at least.

?: [Oh. Well fuck him then.]

It startles a laugh from him, ringing loud in the echoey bathroom. Cheeks turning red from more than the water, he replies

Adam: [I think I'd rather fuck you, to be entirely honest.]
Adam: [What's your name?]

He doesn't dare to look away from the screen as he awaits his answer, his body slightly hunched as he stares down at the text log. When it finally comes in, Adam's heart skips a beat.

?: [It's Nigel, darling. Don't lose this number.]

And Adam rushes to save the number in his contact list, grinning like a fool all the while.

Adam: [I won't. <3]

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